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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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IN THE NICK OF TIME.

Rain, fog, mud and general depression. A typical November day, the which whose hath not yet experienced hath missed a chapter in his life against whose dark background the sun and flowers of June stand out in strong relief. Fog and a drizzle that kept on mildly, silently, persistently, gradually wetting through the unwary passenger who had ventured out without umbrella and overcoat, making the pavement slippery and unsafe for pedestrians, and causing the wheels of passing vehicles to send lozenges of mud against hat or ulster. And still the fog thickened and thickened, until the omnibuses ceased running and the outlines of houses grew dimmer and dimmer, and only a faint light from an occasional crawling hansom showed that life still moved along the roads. It took a strong incentive to make a man leave his warm fireside, his cigar and favorite author, to face the chill, damp horrors of a night like this, and in my case the incentive was not wanting. I was on the way to visit my fair fiancée and to dine at the hospitable mahogany beneath which I had not infrequently stretched my legs. Arrived, as I thought, at the well remembered house—overlooking Hyde Park—I rang the bell and was admitted by a respectfully dressed man—the butler, I supposed—who seemed to scrutinize my face narrowly as I entered.

I was considerably surprised, for the Moretons' butler was an old family appendage, quite essential to their comfort and well being, and I had heard no word of his leaving. With a hearty "All well, I hope, Palmer," and having divested myself of hat, ulster and goloshes, I ascended the stairs. En passant, give me leave to say that I hope no one will form a bad opinion of me by the mention of that word goloshes. For no one but my adored Kathleen would I have donned these justly abnoxious articles; but I could not enter that sweet presence with muddy boots, and a day indoors over sedentary work rendered a long walk necessary to the health both of mind and body. I went quietly upstairs and entered the drawing room, where I was wont to be greeted by the smiles and the voice I loved best, but to my surprise was confronted by a stranger.

A man of medium height and I should say of about thirty-five years of age, was standing before the fire smoking, and turned as I entered. Surprised as I was, I noted in a moment the deep set eyes, the square nostrils and the length of line from the crown of the head to the chin.

"Ah, come at last. I was weary of waiting," he said with a strong foreign accent. Then, as his gloomy eyes looked menacingly into mine, "You are not going to draw back. Afraid, eh?"

"Not at all," I said. "I have no reason to fear, but I have made a mistake."

"Ah they all say that," he said, pulling fiercely at his mustache, "it is the last resource of cowards."

"Come," I said nettled. "Be civil, if you please. I suppose I have come to the wrong house, and—"

Before I could finish the sentence he strode to the door and locked it, then coolly presented a pistol at my breast.

"So," he said in a determined voice. "A traitor in the camp. I am sorry for you—you had better say your prayers quickly. I will give you ten minutes by the watch on the chimney piece there. You cannot say that I am precipitate."

I struck up his hand and forced a laugh, although I certainly felt far from comfortable.

"This joke has gone quite far enough," I said. "I was on my way to my friend Moreton's house, Sir Henry Moreton, you know. It seems that in the fog I have mistaken the house. Let me depart quickly or I shall keep the dinner waiting." He meditated for a few seconds and his brow cleared.

"What is your friend's address?" he asked abruptly.

"48 Clare Place."

"Ah, wrong, wrong, quite wrong! Well, go on peace if your tale be true but if there is treachery, beware;

for my arm is far-reaching and never spares the guilty."

He spoke with dramatic gestures, and taking a black scarf from his waist bound it tightly over my eyes.

Then he pressed the steel of the pistol against my forehead and took me by the arm.

"Attempt to escape or cry out," he said, "and your doom is fixed."

He led me downstairs and into the hall, the door opened, and we descended the steps and went out into the element of the night. He had taken a soft felt hat from the hall and put it on my head, drawing it down over my face. I felt myself led along the pavement down one street and up another, and still the conviction strongly possessed me that we were gradually returning to the point from which we started.

At last we stopped, and my conductor removed the bandage. The fog was still so dense that I could only discern a vague outline of his form as he stood a couple of yards distant from me.

"You are free," he said, "but you were never nearer death than you have been this night. See to it that you do not breathe a word of what has happened, and if ever we chance to meet, remember it must be as strangers—or you will repent." Then the fog seemed to close over him and he was gone.

I found myself close to No. 48, and, wet as I was, I entered the hospitable door, and by the care old Palmer was made presentable before I entered the drawing room, and the sunshine of Kathleen's presence.

She was looking her loveliest in the dress that I most affected, a silver-gray poplin, with a running pattern of silver through it, and a bunch of crimson flowers at her waist. Her plentiful nut-brown hair rippled over her pretty head and fell in adorable little tendrils over her white forehead and the nape of her neck. Her hazel eyes shone like diamonds, her cheeks were damask roses. On one dimpled wrist she wore a turquoise and gold bracelet I had sent her the day before, and as she held it up laughingly, asking if it did not look better there than in the jeweler's shop, there seemed only one course open to me, and that was to take her in my arms and tell her that everything she wore became her, and that she was the loveliest and sweetest girl in the world—and this sentence was rounded off in a manner I leave you to imagine.

At about 9 o'clock I left my paradise and took a hansom to Hatton Garden, to visit a certain Jew diamond merchant with whom I had an appointment. He had agreed to take some old fashioned jewelry belonging to my family, and in turn I intended purchasing some unset gems to be made up into a true lover's knot for my bride.

The fog was as thick as ever, but my Jehu drove carefully and saved me from collision and set me down safely at Isaac Strauss' door. By what light the nearest lamp gave I noticed two men apparently in earnest conversation under the lamp, and could not help wondering why they had not chosen a warmer rend zvous than the dark, sloppy, miserable street.

Isaac was expecting me and brought out a collection that set my mouth watering. Starry diamonds, blood-red rubies, royal pearls, emeralds and opals, changing with every light; it was difficult to choose from such a hoard. Fate, however, had limited my purchases to a certain sum, and eventually I departed with the diamonds and pearls destined to adorn the fair neck of Kathleen. I had dismissed the hansom, and as no other was within hail I walked on toward the main road. To my surprise there were the two men, whom I had forgotten, still talking under the gas lamp. One of them was gesticulating wildly, the other stood with downcast head.

"So," said the first in a voice that made me start, "are you, too, afraid? I thought better of you, Hooley. But leave me to work alone—it is best. A half-hearted ally is best absent."

"I am quite willing," said the other in a hesitating voice, "if there is a reasonable chance of success. You know that I am no coward, Storoff. You have had proof

enough, heavens knows. But I do not see the good of running one's neck into a noose for nothing."

"Then you draw back altogether?" said Storoff fiercely.

"Give me a few days for thought and inquiry. You have sprung this upon me suddenly. Old Strauss may have more safeguards than you imagine—and—"

Here Storoff, apparently perceiving my form through the fog, tapped his companion on the arm, and they moved off slowly down a side street, conversing as they went.

I walked home, musing deeply. What was this mystery upon whose verge I seemed to be treading? Who was this man, who had thus twice come within my range—without any volition on my part? And what had he to do with old Strauss?

When I got back to my rooms I tried to write, to read; but it was in vain. The mysterious stranger, with his deep voice and gloomy eyes, was ever in my thoughts. Finally I gave up all idea of work, and, stirring up the fire, filled my pipe and abandoned myself to reverie. I must have fallen asleep, and when I awoke the fire was out, the lamp was just expiring, and I was chilled and depressed.

"Bed is the best place under the circumstances," I muttered, and thought I heard at the far end of the room a deep sigh. Startled, I turned in that direction and saw what looked like a light cloud which floated slowly toward me.

As it approached it grew brighter, it took form and shape, and there before me stood the image of Kathleen. She looked at me with melancholy, "Ralph, danger awaits you. Be on your guard. Do not go near that man Storoff."

I started forward, but she waved me off, sighed once again deeply, mournfully, and was gone.

So certain did I feel of the reality of what I had seen that I went quickly into the hall and searched in every direction in the hope of finding my sweetheart hidden away somewhere. But my search was fruitless, and at last I went to bed and dozed fitfully until the gray morning appeared. As soon as I could decently make a call I took my way to Clare Place and inquired for Kathleen. She came to me, looking pale and nervous, as if she had passed a sleepless night.

"Thank heaven that you have come," she said. "I have had bad dreams about you."

"What dreams, foolish child?"

"I dreamt—oh! don't laugh at me, please—that some one was threatening your life; a dark man—a foreigner I think—with fierce gloomy eyes and a deep harsh voice. I knew it; I don't know how, and I tried to warn you—oh! I tried so hard and then I awoke trembling and sobbing."

She was sobbing now, so I soothed and consoled her and she grew quite calm, but was not her own bright self.

"And when did you have this dreadful dream?" I asked, and she answered, "I looked at my watch when I awoke, and it was just 2 o'clock."

Now, as I had gone upstairs after my ineffectual search in the hall the night before, the grandfather's clock on the staircase had struck 2.

I laughed at her, and told her she was nervous and fanciful, and that she must have tones and country air, and all the time I believed every word she said, and knew that there must be some deep meaning in what had occurred.

"Ah, you think me foolish Ralph," said the sweet voice, "but I am sure you have an enemy and are in peril of some kind. Promise me one thing, at least, that you will not go unarmed. You showed me your revolver once; promise me to take it always with you until the danger is past."

I kissed her and promised, and forgetting her fears, she soon brightened into the happy girl I had always known.

Two days passed without anything of moment occurring. On the third, finding my list of jewels for my bridal gift still incomplete, I resolved on paying another visit to old Isaac Strauss. I wanted a particular ruby I had seen for the centre of the pendant, and a small legacy having opportunely come to me, I resolved on spending part of

it in the purchase of this gem.

The night was as foggy as that on which I had made the previous visit to Hatton Garden, and, if possible, darker. I hired a hansom, but after the wheels had twice become locked with another vehicle, and the driver confessed that he had lost his way, I preferred trusting to my feet, and guided by my own instinct, and a hint from an occasional policeman, reached at last old Isaac's door in safety. I found the ancient Israelite grimy as ever, in his secret den, where, surrounded by iron safes and heavy brassbound coffers, he was making up his accounts.

His brilliant eyes gleamed at me from under his shaggy eyebrows.

"Vot you want, mein vrent? More jewels for des chene madchen, Yu, here are diamonds from the mines of Africa—rubies, emeralds, topaz, amethyst, all sizes and hues for de neck or de arm or de hair of beauty. Choose and buy, choose and buy, for de market is going up, and now is your time to make crate bargains."

I chattered for the particular gem on which I had set my heart, and after a whole hour had passed came to terms with Isaac, making him deduct a good third from the price he had originally charged. Then he insisted on showing me a fresh consignment of gems he had received that day from Africa, knowing as he said, that I was acquainted with many fair ladies of the beau monde, and so could advertise his goods, which could be purchased from him more cheaply than from the jeweler.

In looking over these treasures the time passed unnoted; St Paul's was booming out 11 as I bade Isaac good night, and found myself once more in the murky air and the muddy streets.

This time no outlines of houses or railings were visible. No wheel of hansom or four-wheeler was heard on the stones, and only a dim white blur showed where the gas lamps still burned. I wandered on in the hope of meeting some policeman or belated foot passenger, but none crossed my track, and after walking for an hour in what I believed to be the right direction, I reluctantly came to the conclusion that I was hopelessly lost.

It certainly was a dreadful predicament to be in, for though in my native London streets I might almost as well have been in the Desert of Sahara, and for a moment I stood to consider, and if possible, to discover my whereabouts.

Hopeless task! Where all was alike fog, fog, and on all sides fog. "There is nothing for it but putting one's trust in providence and going ahead," I said to myself, and decided to make for the first glimmer of light I should see. There shone one in the distance, faint and misty, but still a light, and I made toward it.

Another and another gleamed further down, and I still walked on. Now I am off the pavement, here is a side street evidently, and lamps on either side. As likely as not this is my own street, and yonder lamp is the one which burns just opposite my rooms.

I walked on jubilantly. What a bump of locality I must have, to be sure, to find my way on such a night as this.

Just as I reached what I supposed was my own door a yell, shrill, yet stifled, rang out on the silence of the night. So portentous was it that mechanically I grasped my revolver and made for the door.

To my surprise it pushed easily open, so, entering, I closed it behind me, and found myself in a long and dark passage, from a door at the end of which a light and the sound of scuffling proceeded.

"I tell you thousands of thieves that you shall not haf mein jewels. I will liefer die, and you will be none de richer, for de secret of my locks none know, and if you kill me or you let me lif it is all de same."

Here another voice appeared to swear heartily in an unknown tongue, and from certain sounds the person to whom the voice belonged was apparently raining blows on Somebody. But here a third voice broke in.

"Let him alone, Storoff. You will knock the life out of the old man, and of what use will he be to us

then? Good Mr. Strauss! dear Mr. Strauss! harken, I beseech you. I am your friend, and would not willingly see you maltreated. Give us but the keys of your safes. We will not deprive you overmuch."

A sardonic laugh was the only reply.

I had recognized old Isaac's voice. Heaven seemingly had guided my footsteps back, in order that I might defend the lonely and unprotected old man.

Softly I stole to the door, and, unperceived in the darkness, could look in at what was going on.

I beheld old Isaac, clad in dress- ing gown and slippers, and with his long gray hair all disordered and dabbled with blood, held forcibly down in his easy chair by one man, while another (in whom I recognized my acquaintance of four days ago) stood over him, a cruel looking stick in his upraised hand.

I pointed the revolver and fired, the hand which held the stick fell, broken at the wrist. With a wild exclamation he sprang at me, but another shot just below the knee brought him to the ground. The other fellow, apparently thinking discretion the better part of valor, took to his heels and fled, leaving me master of the field. I heard his retreating footsteps along the passage and the slam of the hall door behind him, and narrowly escaped a pistol bullet aimed by the prostrate man.

"Left handed! Or, by the gods, you would not have escaped me," he ejaculated with a groan of anguish, while he strove to rise but he fell back again, weak with pain.

I picked up the pistol which had fallen from his hand and threw it out of reach—then hastened to release old Isaac, who was bound to his chair with a strong cord. This cord served to secure Storoff, who, wounded as he was, made a struggle for freedom, and when he was rendered innocuous gnashed his teeth and glared at me in a way that made me thankful he could do no more.

I soon had in a couple of policemen, and we conveyed Storoff to the nearest police station in a four-wheeler. He was silent and moody, but offered no sort of resistance when he was unbound and examined by the doctor. His arm and leg were both broken, and he was at once admitted to the prison infirmary and put to bed, his wounds were properly treated and he was left to ruminate while two policemen kept guard over him.

When well enough to appear in court he was tried, found guilty of burglarly, with assault, and condemned to a lengthened term of penal servitude. But he managed to escape from Dartmoor before a year was over, and found his way to Paris, where under an alias he made himself conspicuous in several anarchist plots. At last he disappeared altogether. About a week after my encounter with the burglars, as I was sitting one evening in my study, the servant ushered in a visitor who, when he had divested himself of a large flapping hat I recognized as Isaac Strauss.

"Gratitude brings me here," he said, taking the seat I indicated, "for I have never yet had the opportunity, sir, of thanking you for your prompt assistance the other night, and the courageous way in which you defended me. Perhaps you will be surprised to hear that the unfortunate man who was taken prisoner there is of the same blood and faith as myself. He is, indeed, my sister's son. Ah, you start, and indeed, it is with shame that I confess that one so near to me should have wrought such evil. My sister Catherine married a Polish Jew. I never gave my consent to the match, for I knew Storoff to be of a dangerous and intriguing disposition, and that he had been mixed up with several plots. However, my sister married him, and they had one child, this man Felix, than no more turbulent character ever walked the earth. He has been in collusion with all the socialistic disturbers of the peace ever since he has been in England, and has besought me time and again to furnish him with large sums of money to carry out his nefarious schemes. These I have resolutely refused, hence his attack upon me. He is destined to come to a bad end and a violent death. This was foretold

by a soothsayer at his birth, and his whole course points that way. He quarrels with everyone, and his friends and accomplices one year are his foes and betrayers the next."

Thus spoke old Isaac, and I omit the strong German flavor he gave to his speech. At taking leave he put into my hand a casket, saying, "Vor your vair prite, and may you haf many happy years together."

The casket contained a magnificent circlet of diamonds, which Kathleen wore on her wedding day, and a fairer bride, they said, never walked from the church on her husband's arm. It was a year after our marriage when the papers announced the recovery from the Seine of the body of the notorious anarchist, Felix Storoff. His body was pierced by seventeen dagger thrusts, but in spite of this, and the fact it had been in the water several days, it was still recognizable. A paper found in his bedroom at Montmartre, and which had been overlooked by the murderers, who had evidently searched his rooms, gave the police a clew to many of his quondam confederates, who were forthwith arrested. On interrogation one of them confessed that he had struck Storoff the first blow, and that the wounded man, declared a traitor to their common cause, had then been finished by other members of the band. The papers also pointed to a house where Storoff had lived during his sojourn in London, and although the exact locality was not mentioned the detectives were able, after considerable search to find it.

It was the very next to Sir Henry Moreton's. Consequently, in my first encounter with Storoff, I was divided only by a wall from Kathleen. In the cellar dynamite was found, also the material necessary for making bombs. Had I not been led to the right spot in the very nick of time, what fearful tragedies might not this dangerous man have perpetrated!—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Alphabetical Abuse.

The prosecuting attorney in a lawsuit had waxed especially indignant at the defendant, whom he characterized as an "abandoned, baneful, cynical, diabolic, execrable, felonious, greedy, hateful, irresponsible, jaundiced, knavish, lazy, meddlesome, noxious, outrageous and profligate rowdy."

"The learned counsel on the other side," said the attorney for the defendant when he rose to reply, "should have put his adjectives in a hat and shaken them up a little before using. You must have noticed, gentlemen of the jury, that they were in regular alphabetical order. This shows that he selected them from a dictionary, beginning with 'a.' He stopped at 'p,' but in his manner of reproducing them he has given us the 'cue' as to how he got them."

This turned the laugh against the other lawyer, and he lost the case.

Brief Hints for Bright Girls.

Some one has suggested fifteen things that every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not everyone can learn play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within everybody's reach:

Shut the door and shut it softly. Keep your own room in tasteful order.

Have an hour for rising and rise.

Learn to make bread as well as cake.

Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.

Always know where your things are.

Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.

Never come to breakfast without a collar.

Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned.

Speak clearly enough for everybody to understand.

Never fidget or hum, so as to disturb others.

Never fuss or fret or fidget.—*Sel.*

ARCHIMEDES.

Archimedes was a great mathematician.

A mathematician is one who knows a great deal about arithmetic, and how to figure about machines and things. Archimedes knew all about circles, cones, etc., and he could find the answer to any problem. Archimedes invented several machines. One of them was used to draw water. It was made like a large screw. The screw turned in the water and raised it.

Archimedes spent all of his time in studying and working problems in arithmetic. He made many discoveries too.

Archimedes lived in Syracuse, in Sicily, about 250 years before Christ. The king of Sicily was named Hiero. Hiero ordered a goldsmith to make him a crown of pure gold. When the crown was finished, Hiero suspected that the goldsmith deceived him. He told Archimedes to find out if the crown was all real gold.

Archimedes took it home and thought about it for a long time. One day he went down town to a bathtub to bathe. He filled his bathtub full. When he got into the water it overflowed and ran on the floor. An idea struck Archimedes. He saw that as much water ran out of the tub as was equal to the size of his body. He then knew that if he put the crown into a vessel full of water, as much water would run out as was equal to the size of the crown. He was so excited with the idea that he ran home without stopping to dress. As he ran through the streets, he cried, "Eureka! Eureka!" That is a Greek word and it means, "I have found it."

When he reached home he filled a vessel with water and then put the crown into it. He saved the water that ran over, in another vessel. He weighed this water. Then he took a lump of pure gold that weighed the same as the crown. He put this into another filled with water and saved what ran out, the same as before. He then weighed it. Now if the crown were pure gold, the water which ran over from both vessels must weigh the same. But it did not. So Archimedes knew that the crown was not pure gold.

What was true of this is true of all things, and this discovery was important. It shows that anything held under water weighs less. The weight lost is equal to the weight of the water that runs over. This truth is called the "law of specific gravity."

The Roman army once tried to take Syracuse. The Roman ships gathered around Syracuse. Archimedes invented a machine that lifted the ships out of the water and let them fall back and sink.

It is also said that he used large burning glasses to set the ships on fire. But this is doubtful.

Finally the Romans took Syracuse. The Roman soldiers ran through the city, killing the people. The Roman general told the soldiers not to kill Archimedes, but to bring him alive. A soldier went to Archimedes' house. Archimedes was busy solving a problem. He was so concentrated in his problem that he did not know the city was taken. The soldier told Archimedes to come with him. Archimedes said he wanted to solve the problem first. The soldier refused to wait and killed Archimedes. The Roman General was sorry Archimedes was killed. He buried him and put a monument over his grave. Archimedes was 74 years old, when he died.

Explained.

Customer—Waiter, it is nearly half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup.

Waiter—Sorry, sir, but you know how slow turtle are, sir.

The "substitute cure" is worthy of the attention of sufferers. We have a citizen of Mobile who has tried it. He was an inveterate chewer of tobacco. He stopped chewing and took to chewing a pine stick. He always has this bit of wood between his teeth, in waking hours at least. He has not tasted tobacco in many years.—*Mobile Register.*

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 10, 1901.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God, who's true to man:

Wherever wrong is done

To the humblest and the weakest

'Neath the all-beholding sin,

That wrong is also done to us,

And they are slaves most base,

Whose love of right is for themselves,

And not for all the race."

DR. PHILIP GOODE GILLET is dead. For a period of three or four years, life's taper had been slowly burning away, and was extinguished on Wednesday, October 2d. At the time of his death, he was in his sixty-ninth year.

During nearly all of the latter half of the Nineteenth Century, Dr. Gillett played an important part in the development of the present system of educating the deaf. He has made a record that will embellish the pages of the history of the education of the deaf, and of no one can it be more truly said that he has left behind him footprints on the sands of time.

The measure of a man is best judged by the sentiment of those with whom he was associated, and those among whom and for whom he worked. His colleagues and the profession in general honored and respected him. And of all the deaf who had the advantage of his friendship and acquaintance—and they number many thousands, spread through several generations—it can be confidently stated that he had their love and trust. The reason for this is that he took a genuine interest in his "silent children," from the pinpoints of their earliest school days to the grey-beards of old age. He taught them, and after they had left his care he thought of them, and warm and hearty was the greeting when they met again. He would listen and sympathize with their stories of struggle and hardship, give them advice and encouragement, and share with them the exultant pride which followed their success. He was not only their teacher, but their lifelong friend.

It is not in our province nor in our power to tell the story of his life. He spent all the years of his his youth and vigorous prime in championing the best interests of the deaf. His great sorrow came near the close of his best days, when unscrupulous politicians caused his removal from the head of the Illinois School, which he had served for thirty-seven years. He never recovered from that sinister blow, but gradually the physical and mental functions lost their vitality, and he slowly but surely declined, until at last "God's finger touched him and he slept."

THE Wisconsin Times resents the imputation that the school at Delavan has had its usefulness impaired by the removal of Mr. Swiler. What vacancies have occurred by reason of the change from an experienced superintendent for one unknown to the profession of educating the deaf, it is asserted have been satisfactory filled. Mr. Paul Lange, for several years Principal of the Evansville, Ind., Day School, takes the place of Mr. J. Schuyler Long, who resigned and now has a position as teacher at the Iowa Institution. Supt. Cary is an experienced educator of the hearing, a gentleman and a scholar, and it is only fair to him that he be judged after he has had a chance to demonstrate his ability in a school for the deaf. It may be that he will develop the same unexpected talent and enthusiastic interest as Mr. Jones of the Ohio Institution. Ac-

cording to the deaf teachers, who are the keenest and most critical observers, Mr. Jones is an educator, a hustler, and a man of broad and liberal opinions.

THE people in Evansville are up in arms against the possibility of closing the Day School for the Deaf and sending the children to the State Institution at Indianapolis to be educated. The Evansville Courier says the school should be continued on "humanitarian grounds." The fact is that day schools are never as effective in preparing deaf children for the battle of life as are the Institutions. The mere fact that manual training is denied them at day schools, is a sufficient argument against their competency. But, besides manual training, the Institutions have the accumulated conveniences of long years, the experienced rivalry of teachers who have had opportunities to study and adapt from the methods of others, and the expert supervision of a Principal who is responsible for the work of all.

EDGEWOOD PARK, PA.

In common with other people of the country, the death of President McKinley occupied the attention of the pupils and others connected with the institution during the funeral week. When the funeral train passed through Pittsburgh, the pupils, young and old, were allowed to go to the railroad near Edgewood station and see it go by. Many of the pupils are cherishing flattened coins over which the funeral train passed. On September 19th, there was no school, and memorial services were held in the assembly room. Sketches portraying the life of the lamented President were given by Mr. Burt, Mr. Allabough and Mr. Teegarden, and the pupils were much impressed. After this service the pupils were free to do as they pleased, but there was no playing or other amusements. All seemed to feel the solemnity of the occasion.

Two weeks ago Mr. Daniel Moran gave the pupils a treat in the shape of a reading of the "Gunsmith of Moscow." As Mr. Allabough remarked at the close, it kept the attention of even the younger pupils and made all wish they could have something like it more frequently. Perhaps somebody else can be induced to follow Mr. Moran's good example and remember that they were once pupils and enjoyed masterpieces when presented in a manner suited to their capacity. Mr. Moran had to abbreviate his talk somewhat in order to give our astronomer, Mr. Gray, a chance with the new telescope. It was a fine night for star gazing and the instrument proved its efficacy by presenting a fine view of Jupiter's moons—three of them—and Saturn's rings and one of his moons. Our moon and other celestial bodies were also examined by the two upper classes and some of the teachers. We wonder how many other institutions for the deaf are as fortunate as we are in the possession of such a telescope. Football, of course, is the most interesting topic of discussion among the boys and admirers of the participants in the game. So far our team has played two games. First a practice game with the Swissvases, which resulted in our favor, 10 to 5. The second game came off to-day with Park Place Association eleven. The P. P.'s were rather light, and the W. I. P.'s simply walked over them to the tune of 30 to 0.

The pupils of our school, as well as those of the public schools, in their turn, received their annual invitation to visit the Pittsburgh Exposition, October 1st. About half of the pupils were transported thither in two special trolley cars, and spent the forenoon most pleasantly at the "the Point"—the site of Fort Pitt. On the way they were marched past the old block house, built in 1765, and which is still in a state of good preservation. The oddly shaped building, with its narrow loopholes above and below, proved a very interesting object to the boys and girls. At the Exposition all first took in the exhibits and then all were bent on having a good time. They had a steamboat ride, sampled Heinz's pickles, had ice-cream, sandwiches—pronounced delicious by all—and were finally were invited to see the moving pictures, which proved very entertaining and interesting.

We are well aware that Pittsburgh and vicinity is remarkable for many things, but it was recently that our attention was called to the fact that we entertain the presidents of no less than four State and national organizations, prominent among the deaf. Here's the list: Gallaudet Alumni Association, President F. R. Gray; Illinois Gallaudet Union, F. R. Gray; Ohio Alumni Association, Collins Sawhill; and the P. S. A. D., E. R. Allabough. Of course this will do without adding local presidents to the roll. Can any other town make a longer list?

G. M. T.

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

The Kappa Gamma Election.

FOOT BALL SCHEDULE.

Banquet of the Co-Eds.

From our Washington Correspondent.

The Kappa Gamma Fraternity met Friday afternoon to elect officers and receive applications for membership. The election resulted as follows: Grand Rahjah, Bro. George W. Andree, '02; Kamos, Bro. Gilbert O. Erickson, '03; Tahdreed, Bro. Arthur L. Roberts, '04; Mukhtar, Bro. Ernest R. Cowley, '03; Ibu Phillakan, Bro. Horace B. Waters, '02; Ibu Ahmael, Adam S. Hewetson, '03; Et-Tebreeze, Bro. Prof. Percival Hall; Eth-Thaaliber, Bro. John H. Clark, '02; Abbah Tekoth, Bro. Roy C. Carpenter, '02.

Banquet Committee:—Bro. Lester G. Rosson, '02; Bro. George F. Flick, '02; Bro. Frank C. Neesam, '04.

Probation Committee:—The Kamos, Bro. Erickson, '03, chairman; Bro. Painter, '02; Bro. Spence, '03; Bro. Cameron, '04.

Initiation Committee:—The Grand Rahjah, Bro. George W. Andree, '02, chairman; Bro. William Gelfuss, '02; Bro. Johnson, '03; Bro. Drake, '04.

The reserves put up a pretty stiff game against the Varsity eleven, Saturday afternoon. Two fifteen minute halves were played and the Varsity team was only able to score twice. The score stood 11 to 0 at the end of the game. The team meets the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, October 12th, and the tussle Saturday afternoon was to give the Varsity some needful practice. Virginia is pretty strong this year.

The schedule as arranged by Manager Northern is given below:

October 8—Central High School, at Kendall Green.

October 12—University of Virginia at Charlottesville, Va.

October 19—Western Maryland College at Westminster, Md.

October 26—Villa Nova College, at Kendall Green.

October 26—Johns Hopkins University, at Kendall Green.

November 2—St John's College, at Annapolis, Md.

November 9—Georgetown University, at Georgetown.

November 16—Y. M. C. A. at Kendall Green.

November 23—University of Maryland, in Baltimore.

November 28—Baltimore Medical College, in Baltimore.

The new coaches, Dr. Ely, Head Coach, Prof. Hall, Lester G. Rosson, '02, Ernest Cowley, '03, will keep a watchful eye on the team, and under their coaching it is hoped the team will be encouraged to better effort.

The Saturday Night Dramatic Club elected the following officers, for the present term: President, Cyril Painter, '02; Vice-President, William Gelfuss, '02; Secretary, John H. Keiser, '05; Treasurer, Harry Long, '02.

Committee on Play:—Cyril Painter, '02; Ernest Cowley, '03; Wm. Strong, '02; Guy P. Allen, '03; George Flick, '03.

Committee on Arrangements:—William Gelfuss, '02; Murray Campbell, '02; John H. Keiser, '05; Harry Long, '05.

Mr. Wyand, '02, was chosen official artist.

At least three plays will be given during the year. The proceeds are to go to the Athletic Association and to furnish the baseball team with new uniforms. Mr. Wyand, '02, will give his time to improving the scenery.

The annual banquet of the O. W. L. S. came off Saturday evening, and that it was a success socially, goes without saying. The Co-eds' dining-room was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The following menu was disposed of:

Green Pea Soup	Olives	Salmon Salad	Celery
		Bread Sticks	
Lemon Ice		Sponge Cake	
		Salted Peanuts	
Ice Cream		Chocolate Cake	
		Black Coffee	
		Bon Bous	

TOASTS.

Toast Mistress, Miss Peet

Welcome, Miss DeLong

"Come spread your wings as I spread mine,"—Holmes.

The O. W. L. S. Miss Fitzgerald

"Look at the owl, scarce seen, scarce heard,"—Sidney Lanier.

The Faculty, Miss Weidenmeier

"Oh, lead me as a child, I follow thee Oh, listen and obey,"—Longfellow.

The Ducks, Miss Hall

"They are but waddlers now, but be sure do not forget their latent genius."

The Upper Class Women, Miss Anderson

"Honor to those whose words and deeds thus help us in our daily needs, and by their overthrow raise us from want to law,"—Longfellow.

Thanks are due Mr. L. A. Long, '00, for the donation of three

medals to the trophy case of the Athletic Association. Two of these medals are of silver and one of bronze. The first two were for second place in the 100-yard dash at the Y. M. C. A. meet in June 1900. Mr. Long had for his competitor Champion Wefers.

Just hear "Naughty Three," gloating and flaunting their class colors in our faces. They think they have the biggest kind of a "pull" with the gardener, because he planted maroon and yellow asters in the flower plot fronting the students' dining-room. Their class colors are maroon and gold, but we don't care to split hairs with them on shades of yellow.

Wednesday night Andree, '02, exchanged his foot ball togs for the conventional full dress suit, and fared forth to the Annual Ball of the Butterfly Girls, one of the best known social organizations of ladies in the District.

Messrs. Clarke and Lawrence, '02, occupied a box at the National Theatre Monday night. Anna Held in "The Little Duchess," was the attraction for them.

Strong, '02, wielded the hammer at the auction of magazines and newspapers belonging to the Reading Room. The bidding was high and the Reading Room will realize a good profit.

Milton Haines, ex '02, has secured a fine position with Prince, the photographer, in the city.

Gymnasium Instructor Adams, M.A., has given students not connected with the foot ball team, an opportunity for outdoor work during this month, and most of the students have taken advantage of it.

Luther Taylor was a visitor Sunday.

Elmer Hannan, ex-'01, is taking lessons under Prof. L'Amateis, one of the best sculptors in the country.

With guide books and compass our feathered friends have been "doing" the District, since last week. They have looked all over the Washington Monument for the grave of the Immortal George, lost themselves in the mazes of the Capitol building, stood dazed and awe-struck at the magnificence of the Congressional Library, and finally through the aid of some "kind-hearted" policemen (they are never otherwise) our wilful, weary wanderers wandered back to Kendall Green. There they spent their spare time dodging inquisitive Freshmen, who, aware of their tour of exploration, were anxious for a description of all that they saw.

A social was held in Chapel Hall Friday evening, to allow the students to become acquainted with the young ladies and gentlemen who entered on their college careers last September.

"Prof. Craig, M. M." met with an accident while returning from the post office with the mail. He collided with a wagon in front of Chapel Hall, but escaped with a few slight injuries.

J. H. K.

AMUSING EXPERIENCES OF SEMI-MUTES.

Those of the deaf who possess the power to articulate and read the lips are often able to record funny anecdotes of their experiences.

The author of this piece, who retains his speech quite intact and can also read the lips fairly well, remembers many amusing experiences of his own. Once while he was in the office of a friend, who also lacks the power of hearing, a lady entered. The friend, as is his custom, handed her a pencil and paper, and without any comment, waited for her to express her wants in writing. The latter after a little wonderment, seemed to grasp the situation, and taking the pencil made known her business on the paper. To answer her the deaf gentleman was obliged to proceed to a distant corner of the room, and consult some records on file. Whereupon the lady turned to the writer and the following conversation in speech ensued:

"Is that gentleman deaf?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"Is he entirely deaf?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"Too bad!"

At this juncture the writer, not having enough confidence in his power of lip-reading to answer any more questions without a "show down," suddenly remembered that he had a letter to mail and quickly decamped.

The same business friend often has occasion to transact business in other offices, in some of which he invariably communicates by means of writing, in others by means of speech, the hearing parties, of course, knowing that he is deaf and usually write their replies. But occasionally the deaf man's memory suffers a relapse, and he converses in the place where he formerly wrote, and vice versa, whereupon great commotion ensues, and places of the former class are filled with joy at his sudden return of speech, while in the latter places great sorrow is expressed at his added misfortune of loss of speech.

While working in San Francisco last summer the writer usually took his lunch at a certain restaurant. For a period of several months he nearly always had the same waiter. As the writer never

uses a pad in conversing and stumbled more or less in understanding what was said to him, and often resorted to the well-known trick of putting his hand to his ear in order to make the other party speak louder and open his mouth wider and thereby facilitate lip-reading, the impression spread amongst the waiters that he was hard of hearing. It was during one of these mouth-stretching performances that the particular waiter and writer engaged in quite an acrobatic performance, the former trying to get his mouth as close as he could to the latter's ear, while the latter indulged in all kinds of neck-twistings in order to keep the waiter's mouth in focus with his eye. At last losing patience the writer said that it was of no use to speak louder as he could not hear at all. At this juncture the waiter seemed to wake up from a long dream and asked the writer if he could use the manual alphabet and signs. On being answered in the affirmative, he nearly took the writer's breath away by signing perfectly and gracefully, "Do you want coffee?" It appeared that he had formerly been an Institution waiter, and thenceforth conversation was carried on with more ease in that particular restaurant.

On another occasion, while traveling on a ferry-boat, the writer happened to sit opposite two young deaf people. They carried on their conversation quietly enough, but seemed to excite the attention of a fellow passenger, who emphasized his curiosity by a series of derisive grins, at the same time looking around the sparsely occupied cabin for somebody of a similar turn of mind. Finding that nobody sympathized with his coarse show of feeling, he moved over and sat down beside the writer, and made some, no doubt slurring, remark. As the stranger's mouth was covered with a hirsute appendage of championship proportions, the writer made no attempt to understand what he said, and merely contented himself with quietly answering, "I cannot hear." The confident smile died out on the other's face as he repeated the remark only to be met with the answer: "Really, I can't hear." With a look of rage, the would-be ridiculer left the cabin in order to escape the passenger who never doubted but that a stinging and well-merited rebuke had been administered to the fellow.

One of the most expert lipreaders was a congenial "mute." Like all others whose speech has been cultivated without the aid of the sense of hearing, he spoke with some degree of imperfection. On one occasion he met a Frenchman and observing some peculiarity in movement of the latter's lips asked if he were not a foreigner. To which the Frenchman answered: "Yes, I am a foreigner. And are you not too of another nationality, for I notice an irregularity in your pronunciation?"

At another time the same lip-reader was engaged in peddling meat, as was the custom of the butchers then in his locality. He called at a residence, where he supposed that he was well known to the lady of the house. It so happened that she wore a sun-bonnet, which projected about half a foot in front of her face.

And while she was inspecting the meat in the wagon, the deaf man was obliged to jump around pretty lively in order to keep her lips in view and note her comments. Finally the lady went into the house, and after waiting a reasonable time for her to return, the driver rode on. He chanced to meet her husband, a warm friend of his, who asked if he had sold any meat to his wife. On being answered in the negative, he bought some himself, remarking that it was strange his wife had not also taken some, as she had told him that she wanted meat that very morning. When he returned home with the meat his wife accosted him with the remark:

"You didn't buy the meat from that peddler, did you? Why, the saucy fellow was all the time trying to look under my sun-bonnet."—James W. Howson, in California News.

A LECTURE.

A lecture on "The New East River Bridge," will be given on Saturday, October 19th, 1901, at 8 P.M., by Mr. O. F. Nichols, C.E. The lecture will be illustrated by a large number of excellent lantern photographs and interpreted by Dr. W. B. Peet, of Yonkers, N. Y., the graceful sign-maker, in aid of the Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes, at Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street, near Dekalb Avenue, Brooklyn. Admission 25 cents. The money will be used to help the destitute deaf-mutes. From New York take DeKalb Avenue trolley at the Bridge-Stop at Adelphi Street.

WM. G. GILBERT, Chairman,
H. L. JHRING,
H. CONLON,
Committee.

BAPTIZED.

Martha Sarah Lindemann, child of Mr. and Mrs. Lindemann, was baptized by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, in Cold Spring, N. Y., on Saturday, September 28th.

CHICAGO.

Death of Dr. P. G. Gillett.

THE CLUB HAS 75 MEMBERS.

News of the Week.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Dr. Philip Goode Gillett, ex-Superintendent of the Illinois School for the Deaf, is dead. Dr. Gillett died on Wednesday last, October 2d, 1901, at his home in Jacksonville, Ill. He had been sick for a long time.

Dr. Gillett was the son of a pioneer minister of the gospel who was well-known in Indiana in the Indian days. He was born at Madison, in that State, on March 24th, 1833, and was graduated from DePaul University at the age of 21. He had decided to devote his life to medicine, but fortunately for afflicted humanity, he was made an offer of a teacher's position in the Indiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and in accepting it made up his mind to give his life to that work. On April 26th, 1856, he took charge of the Institution at Jacksonville, Ill., at a time when the affairs of that important school were in a state of chaos. Then and there began that constructive work which made the school a model of its kind and established the reputation of its executive head. Dr. Gillett belonged to many societies of education and was well-known for his contributions to the broad literature of pedagogy. He was a member of the Standing Committee of Deaf-Mute Instructors, a member of the Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, of the State Sabbath School Association, and of the national organization, of which that body is a part. He was married in 1854 to Miss Ellen Phipps.

At the recent meeting of the Pas-a-Pas Club a committee of three, consisting of Messrs. Regensburg, Rutherford and Codman, was appointed to draft resolutions of consolation, which will be soon forwarded to Dr. Gillett's family, and be published in the several papers for the deaf.

Rev. Hasenstab went to Jacksonville, to attend the funeral on Friday, and delivered a memorial service before the pupils at the school Sunday, at the request of Supt. Gordon.

Mr. Hasenstab sent word to the congregation in Chicago that he would preach a memorial service to Dr. Gillett at the M. E. Church next Sunday, October 13th. A large attendance is expected.

Mrs. Hasenstab was in the pulpit of the M. E. Church Sunday during the absence of the pastor. Her sermon was very nice and interesting, and Deaconess Smith closed with a prayer.

The Rev. A. W. Mann will deliver a lecture Saturday evening of this week, at the Trinity Parish House, on 26th Street, near Michigan Avenue. Everybody is cordially invited. Sunday, October 13th, services at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M. will be held at the Trinity Chapel on the same above location. Holy Communion will be administered in the forenoon. Rev. Mr. Mann will preach in St. Bartholomew's Church in Englewood Sunday evening, at 7:30 P.M.

On the evening of the 5th of October, the regular meeting of the Pas-a-Pas Club was held. Mr. W. B. Wayman, the president, occupied the chair. Mr. C. T. Sullivan, of the picnic committee, made a final report, and \$42.75 turned over to the treasurer as the result. Mr. Sullivan has been hard at work for several months past to make the affair most successful financially. Mr. Charles Kessler, chairman of the ball committee, stated that a hall on Evans Street, corner of Sixty-third Street, has been secured for December 14th.

Mr. Codman, President of the Literary Circle, reports that Mr. James E. Gallaier will talk on "Hallowe'en," before the society on the 26th of this month, and light refreshments and cider will be served.

Another bunch of new members were admitted to the club that evening. They are: Fred E. Ryan, James K. Watson, Max H. Himelstein, Thomas W. Hartford, Louis J. Steinsmeyer, Willie Bradwolf, Jake J. Wilson, William Heywood, Austin Baird, Guy Raser, Frank Spalding. The club is growing in membership, and now has nearly 75 members.

Mr. Walter F. Morse, of Concord, Mass., stopped over in Chicago, to visit M. J. Kleinbans, his classmate, at Northampton, Mass., last week, while on his way to St. Paul, Minn., where he has secured a steady position as steel engraver.

Master John Duffy, of 5653 Halsted Street, departed for St. Francis School for the Deaf, to complete his education, last week. His father died a short time ago.

Rev. and Mrs. Hasenstab and their daughter Grace left for South Bend, Ind., this week, to take part in the wedding of John Cope to Miss Mabel Conner. Rev. Hasenstab will officiate at the ceremony. Grace will be the ring-bearer, and it seems to me that Mrs. Hasenstab will render "Call Me Thine Own."

A rolling stone gathers no moss. Mr. W. D. Edwards is again on the saddle. The last time we heard that he was in Indianapolis.

Miss Mary Meade, of Minnesota, is in Chicago, visiting her sister and friends.

Miss Mary C. Bierce, of Columbus, Ohio, was at the M. E. Church Sunday. She is stopping with her sister here this week.

Mr. W. H. Johnson, formerly of Philadelphia, is lying sick in the Cook County hospital in Dunning, where he has been confined for nearly two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendel Plack both are very sick at their home. Messrs. Gibson and Howard went to Buffalo on the excursion for Illinois Day.

Mr. W. B. Wayman is threatening to bring suit against the city street car company, for taking trouble to nurse an injured knee.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hoy made a farewell visit with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. Dougherty Sunday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Hoy left for Cincinnati this week for the winter.

CHICAGO.

Mr. Charles D. Edmonston, of Newburgh, N. Y., visited the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, the latter part of September, and reports having had a very enjoyable, as well as profitable trip. He graduated from the New York Institution in 1881. He is a compositor by trade.

Among the three assigned lawyers for the defense of Czolgosz the assassin of the late President, was Ex-Judge Lorain L. Lewis of the Supreme Court. He is the president of Le Couteux St. Mary's Institute for the deaf, at Buffalo. He was that gentleman who made the address of welcome at the opening of the convention of American teachers of the Deaf. He is a staunch friend of the deaf particularly of that school.—Cal. News

Rev. Mr. Van Allen's Appointments.

OCTOBER.

13—10:30 A.M., Trinity, Elmira.
13—3:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Owego.
13—7:30 P.M., Christ, Binghamton.
17—7:30 P.M., St. John's, Johnstown.
20—10:30 A.M., St. Paul's, Troy.
20—3:30 P.M., St. George's, Schenectady.
26—7:30 P.M., Christ, Herkimer.
26—7:30 P.M., St. John's, Oneida.
26—7:30 P.M., St. Mark's, Malone.
27—10:30 A.M., Trinity, Utica.
27—3:30 P.M., Zion, Rome.
27—7:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Syracuse.
28—7:30 P.M., Trinity, Watertown.

Additional services between the above regular appointments will be announced later.

Brotherliness in Brockton.

Here is a story told by Professor Barrett Wendell about Dr. William Everett: The latter was going out to Brockton one night to deliver an address and ran across Mr. Wendell in the Old Park square station. "Come along, Wendell," he said. "I am going out to Brockton to speak, and I want some one respectable to sit on the platform with me." So the professor went along.

When Everett arose to speak, the hall, which was a large one, was only passably well filled, and even the comparatively small number present began to grow smaller as one by one people slipped away. Mr. Wendell began to think that Brockton must be a singularly cold hearted place when he suddenly he noticed people coming in by twos and threes and silently taking seats wherever they could find them. Soon the hall was full, with standing room only, but still they came till the aisles and walls were lined with interested listeners.

The supposed deserters had simply gone out and told the people of Brockton that here was the greatest man they'd ever heard and gathered them in by the score.—Boston Herald.

Both Expert in Logic.

"Tom," said a father to his son, whose school report showed him to have been an idle young scamp, "what have you been studying this term?"

"Logic, father. I can prove you are not here now."

"Indeed! How so?"

"Well, you must be either at Rome or elsewhere."

"Certainly."

"You are not at Rome."

"No."

"Then you must be elsewhere."

"Just so."

"And if you are elsewhere you clearly can't be here."

For answer the father took up the cane that lay near and laid it smartly across his son's back.

"Don't!" cried Tom. "You are hurting me."

"Not at all

NEW YORK.

Surprise Party in Brooklyn Borough.

TAYLOR'S GOOD RECORD

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet to Lecture on October 15th.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The Borough of Brooklyn seems to lead in the matter of surprise parties, the second one taking place on Saturday, October 5th, and was tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Dezendorf, of No. 102 Doscher Street, East New York. It was also the birthday of Mrs. Dezendorf, but of course she refused to tell her friends her age. About thirty "silent" people assembled at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Boswell, No. 416 Chestnut Street, a few blocks from Mr. and Mrs. Dezendorf's home, early in the evening, and at eight o'clock they marched in single file from there to the Dezendorf domicile, taking them by surprise. Mrs. Dezendorf was putting the children to bed, while Alex was caught in the act of lathering for a shave, but they soon made the guests all feel at home, and making them welcome. Different games were resorted to to while away the evening pleasantly. Mr. Murray, a deaf-mute, showed the few hearing guests that he could play the piano as well as though he could hear. A fine luncheon was prepared by the hostess, which was greatly appreciated by everybody. After the inner man had been satisfied, the host passed around the "Perfectos." The guests indulged in several games of euchre and pinochle, the ladies winning most of the games. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves greatly, and shortly after midnight began to take leave. The surprise party was managed by Mrs. Robert Stevenson and Mrs. Boswell, and proved a most enjoyable affair. Mr. and Mrs. Dezendorf have a fine home of their own, and there was plenty of moving room for all the guests. Before adjourning Mr. Schieffler photographed the guests by flashlight. There will likely be another big surprise party in a week or so in the same borough.

Commenting upon the closing game of the New York Base Ball Club, this is what the *World* has to say concerning Taylor, the deaf-mute pitcher: "Taylor will ask for an increase of salary and will doubtless be granted his request, for no player on the team is more entitled to a raise than Luther. He has been a most willing worker at all times, going into the box often when he was not in pitching form. In the early Spring Taylor was not at his best, having worked too hard last Winter in California. He will spend the coming Winter on his father's farm in Kansas and will do no pitching until next Spring. Taylor, since Mathewson's arm went wrong, has been the Giants' standby. He has won eighteen and lost twenty-six games during the season, which, considering his poor start, is a splendid showing. He would have won many more games had the Giants not fallen off so woefully in batting since July 4."

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was taken sick with an attack of indigestion, and by the doctor's orders he was compelled to stay in the house. Rev. Mr. Baldwin, a young minister of St. Matthew's preached at St. Ann's on Sunday, being interpreted by Mr. Charles Gardner, who is an expert in the use of the sign language. There were over a hundred in the congregation. After service, Mr. Barnes announced that the lecture for October 8th, would not be given. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is improving, and announces that he will lecture on his recent trip to England and Scotland, on Tuesday, October 15th, at the Guild room of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes.

Alex L. Pach was on board the steam yacht Erin, owned by Sir Thomas Lipton, and made pictures of the celebrities aboard and saw the race at the same time. The *Herald* had a reproduction of one of his pictures last week, representing Sir Thomas Lipton in conversation with Captain Walker of the revenue cutter Gresham.

Herman Heerd is managing the football team of the Deaf-Mute Athletic Club, and announces a game at Maspeth (Grand Street Park), L. I., on October 13th. The opposing team will be from the Comet Athletic club. Game begins at two o'clock.

Albert H. Kohlmetz did not remain idle long after losing the place wherein he had been employed over ten years. He secured a better job, and is now rolling cigars and coining currency at a fine factory owned by one of New York's solid men.

Fire that destroyed a revolutionary landmark in the Bronx at two o'clock on Sunday caused alarm in St. Joseph's Institute nearby, and brought the deaf and dumb children of the school from their beds in readiness for flight should the building catch fire. The nuns in charge went from room to room arousing their charges by shakings and silently ordering them to dress that they might be prepared for leaving the school should it be necessary. When partly dressed the little ones crowded to the windows and watched the barn burn until it was a heap of embers. Then the nuns ordered them to bed again. The Fire Department could not stay the blaze.

Miss Hattie Dixon, of Hoboken, N. J., contemplates a visit to Flemington, N. J., some time this month, to see her old schoolmate and friend, Miss Bessie Sutphin. They have not seen each other since they were school girls at Trenton some ten years ago.

Messrs. Schuermann, Hockstahl and Maynard have been shopping at the sporting goods stores lately in search of ammunition, etc., and early on the mornin' of Election Day, they are going on a hunting expedition into the wilds of New Jersey.

Charles J. LeClercq will lecture in the Guild Room of St. Ann's, on Tuesday evening, October 22d. His subject will be "Art," and will no doubt be a treat in the way of color, perspective, light and shade, told so simply that all will understand and appreciate.

In last week's paper there was a ridiculous error in the date of the lecture to be given at the Brooklyn Guild. The date is *Saturday, October 19th*, and the place St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street near De Kalb Avenue, Brooklyn.

A boy pupil of the Lexington Avenue School died of hydrophobia two weeks ago. He was bitten by a dog last June, the scar had healed, and there was not the slightest suspicion of evil result until he was taken with convulsions.

The stork came down on the household of Theodore I. Lounsbury at sunrise on Sunday morning, October 6th, and left a little brother for George Irving Lounsbury. The newcomer will be named Theodore Roosevelt Lounsbury.

Mrs. Rachel Coakley crossed the Atlantic last summer. She stayed in Belfast, Ireland, for about two months, and also visited other places, returning to New York early in September.

A birthday party was given Mrs. Matthew Schuttler, on Saturday, October 5th. Refreshments were served. Mrs. Schuttler received many presents, among which was a handsome Japanese stool.

Miss Rose Prager, of Portland, Ore., has torn herself away from the attractiveness of Buffalo, N. Y., and is in this city. She will remain here until December.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lenahan, Jr., have been blessed with a boy baby, which arrived on Monday, September 30th.

Miss Bertha Block will begin her Bible Class, in St. Ann's Guild Room, on Sunday, October 13th, at 2.15 P.M.

President Roosevelt in Wax at the Eden Musee.

An excellent wax representation of President Roosevelt has been placed on exhibition at the Eden Musee. It stands in the center of the famous group of Rulers of the World, and is the most prominent figure there. He is dressed in the conventional evening dress and his left hand rests upon the back of the draped chair formerly occupied by President McKinley. This chair will remain draped during the thirty days of mourning. The figure was made from date secured in Washington, and those who have seen it say it is as lifelike and natural as possible. The group showing President McKinley lying in state, is attracting much attention, and many thousands have passed in silence by the open casket. In the Winter Garden a number of new series of moving pictures are being shown hourly. One series shows pictures taken in Buffalo before and after President McKinley's assassination. Among them is one showing his last speech on the Exposition grounds. Among the other moving pictures are many of unusual interest. One whole series is made up of mysterious pictures in which persons seem to do impossible things. Another series is made up entirely of comic pictures and many amusing situations are shown. These pictures are shown hourly during the afternoon and evening and a new series is shown each time, so that visitors can see as many different pictures as they desire. Afternoon and evening concerts are given in the Winter Garden by a new Orchestra composed of well known artists. Each concert has vocal as well as instrumental selections and all the music is exquisitely rendered.

OHIO.

Newspaper Facts and Fiction.

AGED DEAF-MUTE GONE.

Numerous News Notes.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 998 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

A certain independent (?) paper for the deaf, hardly out of its swaddling clothes yet, is continually bragging that it publishes the *news and facts*. All other papers are behind it according to its claims in this respect. It leads the column with banners flying, in its own estimation, and its readers in every issue are informed so. We are sorry we have to puncture this bubble of conceit in the poor little thing. True, it gives the news (?) but a great deal of it is a reshuffle taken from other papers. Of course, its innocent readers are not aware of this fact. They have no recourse to the Institution and other papers published for the deaf, and thus learn that they are served second hand. Its *facts* sometimes too, are a huge joke, and are as misleading as they are numerous, and if the JOURNAL correspondent or any other writer for the deaf press depended upon them he would soon have everybody to argue with. Some time last month in these columns a complimentary notice was given of an Indiana deaf gentleman after a conversation with him. It was so good that even the independent (?) bragger copied it into its columns and then added that the JOURNAL's item was wrong in facts, and that it (the independent (?) paper) had given them several weeks before. "It prints the news and facts."

We stand by what we wrote, the independent (?) sheet to the contrary. In that very issue of the paper is a good illustration of how it publishes *facts*. Gallaudet College admits only graduates from colleges and universities as Fellows into its Normal Department, but the fact-publisher has two from a High School. It wants to lay this mistake on its correspondent. We might show up other inconsistencies, but do not care to hurt its feelings more. All humanity makes errors, but it is the better part not to glory in one's self estimation.

At 1:15 P.M., last Saturday, Mr. James Isenberg, an inmate of the Ohio Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, breathed his last. He had been on the decline for several months and the end was not unexpected. His trouble was uremic poison, complicated with rheumatism and kidney affection. His brother came over to see him on Thursday preceding his death, and expected to call again on Sunday. The writer went up to the Home on Sunday and conducted a funeral service over the remains, after which they were taken to Dublin, O., where the deceased's relatives reside, and where they were buried in the family plot in the cemetery there Monday. Mr. Isenberg was a graduate of the Institution here, entering in 1843, and leaving six years later. After leaving school he was employed on a farm kept by his father and brother until 1899, when, being too old to stand the work, he was admitted into the Home in July.

The Ladies' Aid Society held its regular meeting on the evening of September 26th, in the library of the Institution. Miss Dressback, of the Visiting Committee to the Home, gave her report. The Autumn's work was taken up, and Mrs. B. C. Miller, of the Entertainment Committee, suggested that a fair and social be given as a means of raising funds. This was agreed to. Miss Cloa Lamson was admitted as a member of the society. The Executive Committee of the Association was given a vote of thanks for a donation of ribbon to the society, and Mrs. E. S. Jones, matron of the Home, sent a letter of thanks for being made an honorary member of the society.

The following notice has been prepared:

FAIR AND SUPPER.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Columbus will give a Fair and Supper in the girls' recreation hall of the Institution for the Deaf on Saturday, December 7th, from 2 to 10 P.M. Donations of articles to be sold at the Fair are desired. They may be sent to "Ladies' Aid Society, care of Miss Kitty Munnell, School for the Deaf, Columbus, Ohio."

It is to be hoped that the deaf throughout Ohio will take an interest in the affair and send on their donations and thus make it a success, for success means greater benefits and comforts for the Home and those being cared for therein.

Invitations to the wedding of Miss Laverne Carr to Mr. Albertus Wornstaff, which is to occur October 16th, at the home of the bride, near Zanesville, O., have been received by a number of institution people the past week.

Robert Holmes was a visitor at the Institution Tuesday. He had just come from Ashville, O., where

he had been employed for some time in the canning factory there. The business for the year is finished, and he stopped over here on his way home near Shadeville.

Toledo had quite a delegation of deaf visitors at the Institution Sunday. The list included Misses Jessie Beer, who graduated here last June, Miss D. Olender and Messrs. W. W. Smith, Gus Kaintz, Frank Walton, Matt Steinwand, John Curry and Kack. The first named of the boys lives at Pemberville. He has recently started up a shoe shop in a neighboring town, and reports meeting with good success.

Miss Mary Minego, of Portsmouth, is in town, visiting with her brother for a while. She was at the Institution one day this week, and was surprised at the change it had undergone since her last visit here.

Miss Flora Newman, of near Zanesville, secured employment in the bindery, the first of September. Finding the work not congenial to her liking, she has returned home.

Mr. Warren Albert, of the class of '01 of this school, has entered upon the duties of Assistant Supervisor of the Illinois Institution.

We are informed that Miss Sarah Cottrill has secured a position as dressmaker with a firm in this city.

Thursday and Friday nights there were heavy frosts in this region, and this morning Messrs. Fred. Schwartz, Frank Jones and Joseph Neutzing, were oiling up an express wagon for an excursion over to West Jefferson, and expected to bring back a load of hickory nuts. We hope the boys will be considerate enough not to take all, for there are others who have a longing eye for that place on the same errand.

The first eleven football team left on an early train this morning for Ada, where it plays to-day with the Normal School team. May the boys come home with colors flying, is the hope of the Institution people! The team was accompanied by the Manager, Mr. August Becker, and Mr. Zorn.

Thirty-three pupils were added to the roll Sunday. The attendance now is 473. To-morrow will likely see another large addition.

Mr. Albert Berg, of Indianapolis, has consented to give a lecture before Clonion Society on the evening of October 19th. The proceeds from it are to go to the Home Fund.

Oct. 5, '02.

A. B. G.

BROOKLYN NOTES.

The Guild held a regular meeting last Thursday evening. Quite a large number of members were present, including many young ladies.

But the president and the second fiddler were absent. Archie McLaren was elected Chairman. A letter was read by Secretary Greis which created both surprise and a rumour. It was from Mr. G. L. Reynolds resigning as president of the guild. The reason advanced was inability to attend the meetings with any degree of regularity. There was also considerable opposition to Mr. C. E. Green being chairman of the coming reception of the guild, which occurs during November.

About an hour after the opening of the meeting, Mr. Reynolds arrived and took charge. Immediately considerable snap, vigor and ginger, was shown in the proceedings. On motion of Mr. Henry L. Juhring, the president's letter of resignation of his office was called up. Mr. S. M. Brown took the platform. After some sparring he said that the president's resignation should not be accepted—that he should continue in the lead until his term was ended, and that if private affairs made it impossible for him to attend a meeting, that would make no difference. Calling Mr. McLaren to the chair, Mr. Reynolds stated that it was frequently necessary for him to remain at business until quite late on one or two evenings of each week. He thought it was due both to the guild and himself, that while remaining a member, he should resign the presidency of the club. Another who could attend the meetings with more regularity could then be elected president in his place, and the progress of the Guild would not then be hindered. It then came out that instead of blocking the organization's progress, its president had greatly advanced it. Notwithstanding Mr. Reynolds' defense of his action, it was soon manifested that it was the unanimous desire of all the members present that its president should remain in office. The letter of resignation was then withdrawn.

Matters regarding the reception then came up. It was finally decided to hold it on the evening of November 20th next. The whole of St. Mark's chapel will be used for the occasion—that is, if it can be had for that evening. For various reasons the committee was changed. Mr. Herman Beck was made Chairman, with Messrs. Harry Gloistein, Leo Greis, and Miss Emma Bamman and Mrs. H. L. Juhring as assistants. These appointments were greeted with applause, and bespeaks good work in behalf of the affair.

During the discussion of the

coming celebration it was evidently the determination of Chairman Beck and his committee to make this affair a rousing success, a sufficient sum of money being voted for that purpose. One of Beck's ideas is to engage Miss Marshall, of Port Chester, either to deliver a short lecture on some timely topic and to declaim popular songs or poems, or to simply to declaim at various times during the evening. It is also said that refreshments will be served under the charge of Mrs. Juhring, who has much experience in managing such affairs.

The bright colors of the dresses and on the hats of the young ladies at the last meeting of the Guild, lent much brilliancy to the occasion.

Mrs. Mollie Kidd was at church last Sunday. She had not been there for a long time past. Rumor said she had gone West to live. The *Silent Worker* so reported the story. Mrs. Kidd, with much indignation, denied any intention of going away. She says Brooklyn is the place for the silent people to live, and its Guild the organization for them to join. Mrs. Kidd intends to become a member.

Miss Marshall, whom the guild over here intends to engage for their coming reception, is said to be one of the most graceful sign makers in the country. She was recently graduated from Gallaudet with honors, and from all accounts is an accomplished young woman.

Mr. John Wilkinson was absent from the last meeting of the Guild, the first time since he joined the club something over fifteen months ago. Considering all things, Wilkinson was entitled to a short "vacation."

On good authority, it is said that Messrs. Henry Schuakenberg and Frank Senior are to join the Guild. Their example should stimulate others to do likewise. The Guild's work should be encouraged. It is and has been the aim of certain members, since they became connected therewith, to have the Guild become some such organization as was outlined in last week's JOURNAL editorial. If present indications are carried out, the next step in this direction will be the incorporation of the Guild. Other work in the plan will then be pushed more rapidly. The organization at Yonkers is all right, but the deaf over here would prefer to have a similar club for the deaf alone and under their own management. The work before the Guild to reach that end is heavy, but the outlook for success is bright and encouraging.

About thirty persons attended the services at St. Mark's last Sunday afternoon.

Mr. O. F. Nichols, a civil engineer, will deliver a lecture before the Guild, at its rooms in St. Mark's Chapel, on the evening of October 19th next. His subject will be "The New East River Bridge." It will be illustrated by a large number of lantern photographs. This lecture will be both for the hearing and deaf, Dr. Walter B. Peet, translating for the latter. The committee in charge are W. G. Gilbert, H. L. Juhring and Hugh Conlon.

The "automobile craze" has struck the deaf. Prof. W. A. Moore, the well-known photographer, knows all about the working of the machine and gasoline and electricity, too. He recently tried to get a license, but was denied one because he could not hear.

Mr. Julius Wilkins, of College Point, N. Y., and Miss Mary Renwick, of this borough, were recently married. They were at St. Mark's last Sunday, and after the service received the congratulations of their many friends.

Oct. 7, '01. JOHN DOE.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

OCTOBER 13TH—EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, AT 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, New York.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.
Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes.
Holy Communion.

GUILD ROOM

OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH, EIGHT P.M.

October 15th—Dr. Gallaudet will give some reminiscences.

October 22d—Mr. Charles J. Le Clercq will lecture on Art.

October 29th—Monthly meeting of the Guild of Silent Workers.

Rev. Mr. C. Orvis Dantzer's Apointments.

Hereafter services for the deaf in Buffalo, N. Y., will be held in the Sunday school room of St. Paul's Church, entrance on Pearl Street, near Church Street, as follows:

SERVICES.

First Sunday of each month, 7:30 P.M., Evening Prayer.
Second Sunday of each month, 11:00 A.M., Holy Communion.
Third Sunday of each month, 7:30 P.M., Evening Prayer.
Fourth Sunday of each month, 11:00 A.M., Morning Prayer.

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

PHILADELPHIA.

A Chance to Use the Home Fund.

ACTIVITY IN THE CHURCH

Happenings of the Week.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Trustees of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf are now on the point of purchasing a property suitable for the proposed Home for the Blind, Aged and Infirm Deaf, of Pennsylvania. For some time past they have been examining and considering different properties in localities between Harrisburg and this city, but none had been found satisfactory, they being either too high in price or unsuitable in other ways. Recently, by chance, the attention of the Trustees was called to a beautiful property in Doylestown, about 35 miles from Philadelphia.

It was examined and proved to be the best that has yet been found. It is in a pretty location. A house of twenty four rooms was built on it at a cost of \$15,000, and other improvements were added costing \$3,000. It is in an excellent condition, and the Trustees fear that nothing better can be gotten for the price, which is to them \$6,650. Of this sum \$3,350 must be paid at time of purchasing and the balance by mortgage in 1904. They have secured an option on the property until November 15th, 1901.

This is a matter of no little importance. The deaf of Pennsylvania have been clamoring for such a Home. They have waited a long time for it, grant you. But the responsibility of establishing it does not rest so heavily on them as it does on the Trustees. The previous Board of Trustees tried hard to see its way clear to found the Home, but the time was not ripe, it seemed. The present Board has found both the time and the opportunity, we believe. It stands ready to do its duty, and halts only for a while to make sure that this duty is clear. What better can the Board do?

It remains to be seen how the deaf of the State will regard the location of the Home at Doylestown. Who of us ever dreamed that it would be located there? To be sure, none. We all looked elsewhere, towards the centre of the State for the site or a good offer; but, lo! we now must turn our heads in another direction. Well, it matters not to us if Doylestown is chosen. A good offer from it is a good reason for making the choice.

Let it be remembered by all that it is not too late to come forward with other offers. The door is still open; the Trustees are sitting inside waiting for something that would give them just reason for turning up their noses at Doylestown. Should nothing like it come and their duty still appear clear by November 15th next, we may all expect the consummation of our long cherished project.

The amount of the Home Fund now is \$5,837.32. It is expected to reach over \$6,000 by the first of next year.

On Sunday, 6th of October, the congregation of All Souls' Church for the Deaf resumed its customary activity. It always comes with the change of service from morning to afternoon. The attendance was good. The Pastor, Rev. J. M. Koehler, preached an excellent sermon and afterwards administered Holy Communion.

After church, the Bible Classes also began a new term. The officers are as follows: Superintendent, Rev. J. M. Koehler; Assistant, J. S. Reider; Clerk, Levi Cooper; Collector, R. E. Underwood (probably); Teachers, Mrs. M. J. Syle, Miss K. Keen and J. S. Reider.

A short informal meeting of All Souls' Guild was held the same afternoon, Rev. Mr. Koehler presiding. Some of the needs of the church were explained, and a suggestion adopted to create a coal fund by subscriptions as was done last year. The following Committee is charged with receiving subscriptions, being the same as last year: Miss Cora L. Ford and Mr. Washington Houston. They will appoint assistants.

Mr. Otto Koenig occupied the attention of the Cleric Literary Association for a couple of hours, in recounting his experiences during his recent travels in Germany, on Thursday evening, 3d of October.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Sanders had one of their most enjoyable vacations last Summer. They visited the Pan-American Exposition and were entertained in Buffalo by Rev. and Mrs. Dantzer and Miss Carroll. In Boston they were among their own folks. Mr. Sanders returned to Philadelphia first on account of work. On her way home, Mrs. Sanders paid a

brief visit to Miss Deborah Marshall, at Port Chester, N. Y., by whom she was royally entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanders gave a dinner of six covers last Thursday evening. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Davidson and Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Ziegler.

Mrs. Wm. F. Durian went to Newark, N. J., to attend her father's funeral last Tuesday, a week. He died at the home of his sisters in Newark and was buried at Newburg, N. Y., on the following Friday. Mrs. Durian accompanied the remains to their final resting place and then, with relatives, visited friends in Walden, N. Y., returning home on Saturday evening. She has our sympathy in her bereavement.

Harry S. Smith returned to the City on Tuesday, 24th, and he was the first one to greet the reporter on entering the hall of Cleric Literary Association, last Thursday evening. Harry looks none the worse for his camping and fishing experiences. He did not bring us any fishes but plenty of good cheer, and that was really preferable.

Mr. and Mrs. Seneca F. Large, of Doylestown, were among our Sunday visitors.

It is proposed to give a reception to Mrs. M. J. Syle, after her return from Europe on October 24th.

A Halloween party or entertainment is to be arranged for the benefit of All Souls' Mission on October 31st.

Miss Hannah N. Reidy returned from Bradford, Pa., last week. She tells us that she was in Buffalo for two weeks during August and had a very enjoyable time.

The venerable Edmund Booth goes home this week.

Mrs. E. L. Dorfner has returned from Erie, where she spent the summer among relatives. She also saw the Buffalo Exposition.

Miss Gertrude Parker is with us again and will probably stay.

Frank K. Reed, a deaf-mute, has been gardener for a rich family at Chestnut Hill for the past nine years.

Millions in the Sea.

Several interesting efforts to recover treasure that has long lain at the bottom of the sea will signalize the opening year of the new century. Of these, the two most important are one which is being undertaken under the auspices of the Lloyds, off the coast of Holland, and under the direction of the Duke of Argyll, on the coast of Scotland.

In the former case the treasure amounts to \$8,000,000 in bar gold, sunk in her majesty's *Lutine* in 1769. The Netherlands claimed the wreck, owing to its being just within the three-mile limit of the Dutch coast.

But after much legal controversy and negotiation, which has extended over the greater part of the century just drawn to close, the Netherlands government has given its consent to Lloyds taking the necessary steps to recover the treasure, which was originally shipped for the purpose of furnishing the necessary supplies to the governments of the continental powers in the struggle against the first Napoleon. The wreck has been located and the treasure is accessible.

The other treasure has lain concealed by the deep for several hundreds of years, dating back to the time of the Spanish Armada. The craft containing the treasure bore the name of Admiral of Florence, and now lies in Loch Duane in relatively shallow water.

The Duke of Argyll has a map showing exactly where it lies, and about two hundred years ago one of his ancestors employed a man with a diving bell to begin operations. The diver succeeded in recovering some cannon, but suspended operations on the government notifying him that anything recovered was the property of the crown, in spite of the fact that the water and shore rights at the spot where the wreck lies are the property of the Duke of Argyll.

Owing, however, to the fact that the Duchess of Argyll is a daughter of the queen, the latter has agreed to forego the rights of the crown to all rights in connection with the wreck of the Armada flagship, the Admiral of Florence, and all the gold, silver and precious stones recovered will belong to the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, who are beginning operations with a view to the search of the wreck early in the new year.

There is every prospect, therefore, that the Dukedom of Argyll, now so poor that the Duke has been obliged to let his ancestral castle for a term of years to a patent food millionaire, will ere long be placed in possession of sufficient treasure to restore the somewhat dimmed fortune of the house.—*New York Journal*.

Unavoidable.

"Why do you wander aimlessly from place to place?" inquired the philanthropist.

"Well," answered Meandering Mike, "eight hours' sleep a day is enough for anybody. And we've gotter do somethin' wit' de other 16 hours, ain't we?"—*Washington Star*.

FANWOOD.

Memorial Services in the Chapel.

FIRST MEETING OF THE F. L. A.

Basket Ball—Brevities.

On Wednesday evening, October 2d, Principal Currier received the following telegram, signed by J. C. Gordon, Superintendent of the Illinois Institution at Jacksonville:—

"Dr. Gillett died this morning. Funeral ten Friday morning."

Principal Currier telegraphed at once on receiving the sad announcement:—

"With sympathy in your sorrow. With gratitude for the grandeur of the long life whose example and beneficent work has blessed so many."

And at ten o'clock on the morning of Friday, at the hour of the funeral services in Jacksonville, memorial services were held in the chapel of the New York Institution, at which all the teachers and pupils were in attendance.

Principal Currier opened the exercises with the announcement of Dr. Gillett's death. He then proceeded to pay a tribute to the deceased. He told of the long life of usefulness which Dr. Gillett had lived. Philip Goode Gillett was born in Madison, Ind., on March 24th, 1833. He was a son of Rev. S. T. Gillett, who for forty years had preached the gospel of Christ Crucified in the State of Indiana. Philip Goode Gillett had a liberal education. He was graduated, at the age of nineteen years, from Indiana Asbury University—now known as De Pauw University. His intention was to follow medicine as a vocation, but he was providentially diverted to the work of educating the deaf by an urgent call to teach at the Indiana Institution. After two or three years as teacher, he accepted the call to the Superintendency of the Illinois Institution, in 1856, succeeding the first Principal of the Institution (1849-1856). He found the "asylum," as it was then called, in a deplorable condition, and the feeble-minded being sent there to be educated along with the deaf. After much work, he succeeded in having the feeble-minded removed to Lincoln, Ill., to a school established for them by act of the legislature, and also had the classification of the institution placed with the educational establishments of the State. For this alone, the deaf should forever be indebted to him. After serving as superintendent with zeal and capacity for thirty-seven years, he was removed from the position through the machinations of partisan politics. In the same year he was appointed President of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, and in that capacity made tours of all the educational establishments for the deaf in the country, and compiled exhaustive reports thereon. About four years ago, ill-health compelled him to relinquish this office, and to retire to a life of rest and seclusion. As long as his mental vigor remained, he was an enthusiastic advocate of speech-teaching, yet he maintained that it could be best accomplished under the Combined (or Eclectic) System—a system for educating the deaf which denies to them nothing but gives to them everything that shall conserve to a well-balanced mental development.

Next came Mr. Fox, who said: "The 'old line Principals' are gradually passing away. Few still remain in the field. They were good and great men, even though at times they seemed to regard their Institutions and all in it as being their own personal property. Dr. Gillett was well known to the teachers in this Institution of ten years ago. To those who knew him only superficially, he seemed somewhat rough in his ways, and in this was a great contrast to his old friend Dr. Peet; but there was no question of his abilities as a man and his sincerity in the work of deaf-mute education. He was conservative in his beliefs and honest in his expression. We should honor and respect all teachers of the deaf of twenty or more years' service, for their continuity in the work implies sincerity of purpose and usefulness in accomplishing. And while Dr. Gillett was not of our school, yet he showed an interest in us whenever he happened to be in New York, and he made our school his home. This is as it should be. He made many warm friends here, and we with others mourn in his departure to that Home wherein all is peace and happiness.

Mr. Jones followed, and his address was as follows:

"I met Dr. P. G. Gillett and liked him. There was that in him which excited admiration and commanded respect. Chief of which was the willingness with which he spent the greater part of his life in

trying to better the condition of the deaf, so that they could do much more for themselves and be able to have comfort, which would be impossible for them, had they left school poorly educated.

"I greatly honor him for this, for we all know how much more difficult it is to teach the deaf than to teach hearing children in the public schools. To teach the deaf successfully requires great aptitude for the work. So we feel it a duty to speak words of praise for him who did his work so well. Dr. Gillett's work demands this just recognition from his friends. He stuck to his post long and successfully and many rise up to bless him.

"It is a noticeable fact that the teachers of the deaf have grey hair sooner than those who teach in schools for the hearing, which goes to prove that it is a great strain on those who assume such a great responsibility. Dr. Gillett himself experienced such a strain and so we all should do honor to his name. We are sorry to know that he is no more, but it will be a solace to us to know that the work left unfinished by the good Doctor when he was called to rest from his labors, will be taken up and improved by those younger in the profession. So the great and good work will go on."

"In conclusion, when I hear that the body of the lamented Dr. Gillett has been laid to rest, I will doff my hat in reverence to his memory—to the memory of one who has done so much for the betterment of the deaf."

Mr. Hodgson told of his first meeting with Dr. Gillett, nearly twenty-five years ago. He was then in the vigor of manhood, and filled with enthusiasm upon the care and education of deaf mutes. He was a man of great executive capacity, and as compared with the late Dr. I. L. Peet, he represented the difference between the man of enterprise and push and the scholar absorbed in some educational problem. Dr. Gillett did much for the deaf, and won fame and honor, and amply deserves all the eulogy that will be done his memory.

The services were concluded with a prayer by the Principal, and all returned to the regular routine of school.

The officers of the Fanwood Literary association held a meeting in Room 1, of the school building, Friday last at 1:30 P. M., and made up a ticket of officers for the ensuing year. The next day, Saturday, the Association assembled in the chapel to hold its thirty-sixth Annual Meeting. Counselor Currier opened the meeting. He gave "Progress" as the watchword of the Association. He was followed by President Fox with a report of the past year. There have been four addresses, one entertainment by the cadet officers, six debates, six dialogues, nine lectures and forty-two readings.

The minutes of last year's annual meeting were also read by Mr. Fox, in the absence of the secretary. The report of the treasurer, Miss Burchard, was given by her in person. It is well that she was re-elected, for the treasury has increased 5400 per cent.

The Counselor selected Messrs. Clarke, Jones, Burdick, Gardiner and Anderson as tellers, and they distributed the tickets and the ballots were cast. While the votes were being counted, Miss Barrager and Counselor Currier addressed the meeting.

Mr. Clarke, as chairman of the tellers, then gave out the result. The ticket was elected by a large majority. The Counselor appreciated it, and said he was pleased that the members agreed with him in the election of officers. Below are the newly elected officers.

COUNSELOR,
ENOCH HENRY CURRIER.

PRESIDENT,
THOMAS FRANCIS FOX.

1st VICE-PRESIDENT,
WILLIAM RENNEN.

2d VICE-PRESIDENT,
FREDERICK C. BERGER.

SECRETARY,
LOUISE E. TURNER.

TREASURER,
MISS P. E. BURCHARD.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,
MISS BARRAGER,
MISS BUCKINGHAM,
MR. GARDNER,
MR. BURDICK,
MR. CLARKE,
MR. JONES.

According to ancient custom, the newly elected officers were called upon to address the meeting. They spoke words of gratitude at being elected, and each elected officer was followed by the unsuccessful candidates for the same office.

The officers are the same as last year, with the exception of the second vice-president and secretary. Frederick Berger was chosen for second vice-president, the object

being to have a semi-mute and deaf-mute as the vice-presidents. The Counselor then called upon the President to take charge of the meeting.

The Fanwood Literary Association is beyond doubt progressing. President Fox compared the time when he was a member of it while a pupil and as its president. The past year has been very successful, and marked by the increased eagerness of the pupils to take part in the grand, magnificent work in which the Fanwood Literary Association is progressing.

Saturday afternoon, the Regulars met the second team in a game of basket ball. The halves were thirty minutes each. The Regulars came out victorious with a score of 51 to 24. Below are the players and positions.

REGULARS.	Position	2d TEAM.
Stern	Right Forward	Rau
Elsworth	Left Forward	Tompeto
Powell	Center	Powell
Van Tassel	Right Guard	Cook
Seelig	Left Guard	Dingman
Renner		Jefferies

Goals from field—Stern 10, Powell 10, Van Tassel 5, Seelig 3, Renner 1, Tompeto 1, Cook 4, Rau 2. Goals from foul—Stern 1, Cook 1, Tompeto 1.

Powell was transferred to the second team in the latter half to make the teams more even. The Regulars did their work well, and some very good passing was done, also in goal throwing, and they feel confident they can meet any school team.

Under the heading of Stamps, Coins, etc., there appeared in the *Evening Telegram*, last week, an advertisement, as follows:

"How much am I offered for a five dollar bill, the reverse side printed upside down." C. W. Van Tassel, 163d Street and Broadway, New York."

So far, Wesley has not found any offer yet. The only answer he received was from a man who had a ten dollar bill like his, and wanted to know how much he got for it.

The past week, wagon loads of trap rock gravel have been brought to the Institution. The walks and roadways on the grounds will soon be covered with it.

Misses Gertrude Turner and Lydia Smith, graduates of 1901, were visitors here Friday. They went all over the school, and everybody was glad to see them.

Major Van Tassel witnessed the second race between Shamrock II and Columbia last week.

In the paragraph in last week's article relative to the change in school routine, the prefix *un* was omitted from the word satisfactory.

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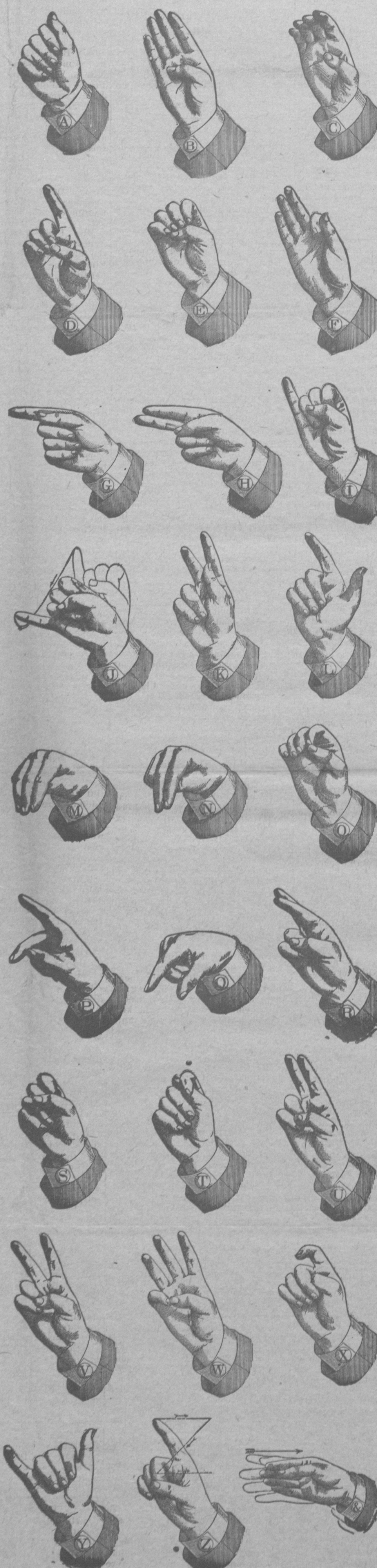
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Mr. Walter S. Kemaya, Treasurer, 7 East 62d Street, New York City.

Rev. John Chamberlain, D.D., Assistant General Manager, 587 West 145th Street, New York City.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Mr. F. L. Selney, Deaf-Mutes' Register, Rome, N. Y.

Rev. C. Orvis Dantzer, 11 Mason, Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Rev. H. Van Allen, Bath-on-the Hudson, N. Y.

or to the undersigned, 112 West 78th Street, New York City,

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